Sonic the Hedgehog Spanks Princess Sally Acorn
Or:
A Hot Bottom for a Hot Dog Heroine
By Yu May

Chapter 1: Sally's Crazy Idea

Princess Sally Acorn peered out from the piles of garbage and rubber tires behind Robotnik's garbage facility, her heart pounding as she watched Swat-bots coming to and fro, hauling piles of smashed robotic refuse. The screen of her communicator flickered, and the robotic voice of her A.I. assistant, Nicole, broke the silence. "Incoming communication from Sonic the Hedgehog. Do you want to listen?"

Sally tensed and quickly muted Nicole. Two Swat-bots froze, dropped their burden, and marched toward the mountain of tires that concealed Sally. Sally held her breath and crouched low, trying to make herself small. Then a blaring spotlight appeared from the sky, illuminating the two confused Swat-bots. Above them, a flying hover unit blared in a robotic voice eerily similar to Dr. Robotnik's. "SWAT BOTS! BACK IN FORMATION IMMEDIATELY."

One of the Swat-bots pointed stiffly at the pile of trash, before a laser bolt ripped through its chest, and it collapsed into pieces. The hover unit aimed its laser turret at the second Swat-bot. "OPERATION: 'TECHNOLOGICAL TERROR' MUST BE COMPLETED ON SCHEDULE. STANDARD PATROL PROTOCOLS ARE NO LONGER IN EFFECT. DELETE UNNECESSARY SUB-ROUTINES…OR YOU WILL BE DELETED!"

The second Swat-bot saluted, and stepped on the smoldering remains of its companion to return to its work hauling debris. Sally trembled with relief. Once the hover unit had flown away, she pulled out Nicole and typed: "Silence all communications. Relay Sonic's message in text only."

Nicole blinked, and displayed Sonic's message: "Sal, we got the prisoners out. On the home stretch. Ready to rendezvous?"

Sally groaned. How did Sonic *always* manage to break his record for completion time every mission? Sally typed. "No. I'm fine. Just create a distraction to cover the Rescue Team's retreat. Go wild."

"We're clear. Egg-butt is max distracted. Bunnie is covering the Rescue Team. Coming to pick you up now."

"No! Keep Robotnik distracted. That is an order." Sally tensed as she heard an engine revving up. The last of the Swat-bots had left, boarding the flying garbage-disposal unit, and the garage door was clanking and stuttering as it began to shut.

Nicole's light blipped to indicate a new response, but Sally pocketed the communicator without looking at Sonic's reply. Then she made a bee-line for the door, trying to keep to the shadows along the wall. With no time to properly clear the room, Sally rolled under the garage door just before it slammed shut, and scanned the inside of the waste disposal facility. To her relief, there were no remaining Swat-bots. Whatever Robotnik was scheming, he clearly needed all hands on deck.

Sally trembled as she pulled out Nicole, and brought up the blueprints for the building. "...I can do this!"

A few months ago, Sally had made a discovery. Sonic's Uncle Chuck had been the software engineer for Mobotropolis' water treatment facility…before Dr. Robotnik's coup-d'etat, after which it had been converted into yet another storage facility for scrap metal.

But after carefully reading through Uncle Chuck's code, Sally found a vulnerability. There were even notes by Uncle Chuck on how to patch it in a future update. But if that vulnerability had never been patched, and if Sally could reach the central computer terminal, there was a chance she could shut down the entire facility…or even better, find an exploit to remotely access Robotnik's main computer terminal.

She'd tried to explain this idea to the others, but frankly, Sally was the only person left in the Freedom Fighters who had a solid grasp of computer programming. Rotor had a basic understanding of computer hardware, but only what he needed for his specialty work as a mechanic. Little Tails the Fox had been pestering Sally with questions about her "computer work," and his questions had been surprisingly insightful. But no matter how precocious he was, Tails was still only 8-years-old.

The past few weeks had been agony for Princess Sally: she was sitting on a potential strategy that could take out Robotnik with one, decisive blow, to have her revenge on the man who had taken her father away from her, and only she was able to understand even the basics of the plan.

And so, when their mission to rescue a group of their fellow woodlanders from Robotnik's prisons had led them near the old water treatment facility, Sally had made up her mind. A quick reconnaissance mission, while Sonic and Bonnie did the heavy lifting. Distracting Robotnik had already been part of the plan. Why not use the same distraction to kill two bots with one stone?

Sally took a shaky breath, as she navigated through the dim, musty halls and up a flight of metallic stairs. The stairway at the top surrounded a massive corridor that had once been the main waste water treatment area, though the giant basins now held glowing, green acid. Above the basins, words had once been carved in marble: "The End of Science is to Serve the Flourishing of All Life." The last few words had been smashed off, so that it now read, "The End of Science is to Serve…"

At the top of the stairs, Sally found the central control room, and used a plastic Robotnik-Bucks card to pick the lock. The computer terminals were a bit dusty, but undamaged. Apparently, Robotnik had been too lazy to update Uncle Chuck's computer set up.

Her fingers trembling, Sally quickly brought up the command-line interface, checking Nicole for the keywords she needed to find the exploit. There on the screen, she saw Sonic's last message. "Sal what's going on?"

Sally ignored it. Get in. Get out. They had pulled missions like this all the time, in facilities with far tighter security.

Here's the thing about hacking computers: it never looks as cool or exciting as it does in the cartoons. Sally had read a few of Sonic's favorite superhero comics over the years, and laughed at the absurd "Elite Hacker" scenes. The cartoons always make hacking look like playing a high-stakes point and click game, with nonsense typing for dramatic effect.

But really, Sally had done most of the work already, spending weeks carefully reading Chuck's code in her bedroom, alone. Once she understood the exploit, Sally knew she could find it easily. The hard part was going to be deciding what to do with it, if it worked. If Robotnik had been foolish enough to connect his computer systems with Uncle Chuck's, she could download everything she needed to Nicole for study, or even attempt a manual shutdown of Robotropolis from here.

As Sally hit enter, the screen displayed the symbol of the Eggman Empire…and gave her a command line. Her palms sweating, Sally attached Nicole to the terminal, before the screen blinked, and Dr. Robotnik appeared on the screen. "Well, hello there, whoever you are. I see you too are a fan of old programming work. You know, Sir Charles, one of the few things I admire about you…you always took excellent notes on potential vulnerabilities."

A robotic figure appeared on screen next to Robotnik, and Sally instantly recognized Uncle Chuck…or what was left of him. Uncle Chuck's eyes, once sparkling blue, now glowed with artificial red light. "YES…MASTER ROBOTNIK…"

Sally flinched as she heard a siren wail, and the entire room was bathed in pulsing red light. "ALERT! SECURITY BREACH DETECTED! ALL AVAILABLE UNITS, CONVERGE ON WASTE DISPOSAL FACILITY 1-9-8-4!"

Sally dove for the door, and as she burst out, she heard Robotnik's laughter, and felt as if his eyes were watching her from the screen. "I look forward to meeting you, little hacker."

Sally saw metal shutters dropping along the windows that surrounded the water treatment facility, and made a dash to the stairs, sliding down the railing to gain speed. Sally stuck the landing, but stumbled as she tried to sprint to the garage door.

But, of course, it was slammed shut. Just as she had left it earlier.
Sally slammed her fist against the door. “Stupid, stupid, greenhorn mistake!”

Then she spotted a long strip of scrap metal and snatched it up, hoping to use it as a makeshift crowbar.

With a wrench, Sally lifted the garage door by a fraction of an inch, before a laser bolt ripped through the door from the opposite size, grazing Sally’s shoulder. She screamed and fell back, landing right on her tail.

A hover bot’s electronic voice boomed from behind the door. “SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY, ANTHROPOMORPHIC-ANIMALIAN SCUM!”

With tears in her eyes, Sally knew this was it. She didn’t have Sonic’s speed, nor Bonnie’s mechanically-enhanced strength. She was just a stupid girl, an ex-princess, trying to lead a rebellion with a handful of other children. And she had failed.

Then Sally heard a window shattering, and turned to see a blue blur flying in the air above the water-treatment bins. Sonic the Hedgehog had burst through a window at Mach 1 speed, with a flying killer drone hot on his tail, an instant before the metal shutters slammed down, trapping him within. Sally recognized the design as a miniature version of one of Robotnik’s deadly Stealthbots.

Sonic landed on the rim of one of the bins, his face illuminated by the eerie green glow of the acid within, before he leapt to dodge a blast of laser fire from the drone. “Sal! I’m getting you outta here!”

Sally ducked as the heavy hover bot crashed into the garage door behind her. “We’re cut off! No way out!”

Sonic hopped to the metal walkway, scrambling to climb up before the drone blasted a molten metal hole where his head had been a second before. “Then just let the bad guys in!”

Sally felt the reverberation as the hover bot smashed into the garage door with such force, it dented it in slightly. “Are you crazy? We need a plan!”

Sonic grinned as he hopped off the wall to evade another deadly blast. “That’s an order, Princess!”

Wanting to tell Sonic that the Crown Princess of House Acorn was not to be ordered around, and also wanting to obey him, Sally spotted the massive hover bot pulling back, readying for another charge. “RAMMING SPEED!”

Sally jammed the metal strip into the crack between the door and the wall, just below a hinge that had nearly been knocked loose, and with a sharp twist, the hinge snapped free.

Sally turned to find Sonic grinding down the handrail on a direct collision course toward her. “Think fast, Sal!”

There was no time to think. Sally dove to the side, just as the hover unit burst through the door, but thanks to the broken hinge, it miscalculated the force of its charge

Sonic hopped off the rails and landed on the front screen of the hover unit, slapping his rear end to taunt the flying Stealthbot. As the drone fired a laser bolt like a sniper, Sonic rolled to evade, and the beam ripped through the big hover unit. The massive hover unit flew straight into the smaller killer drone, crushing it as it smashed through the metal stairs.

The lights on the hover unit flickered. “ERROR! RECALCULATING-TING-TING…” There was a sharp bang, like a car engine backfiring, and the front panel of the hover unit shot off, exposing the smoking, oil-drenched inner workings of the machine.

Just as Sally stood shakily, she felt herself being swept off her feet, and carried away by Sonic. Instinctively, she clung tight to him as he carried her away from the cold, metallic streets of Robotropolis in a blur, before she found herself at the edge of the Great Forest, the safe zone.

Sally looked up at Sonic with loving eyes, before remembering she didn’t like being carried. “Sonic! Put me down! You were supposed to be providing a distraction.”

After setting Sally down, Sonic tapped his foot, looking immensely pleased with himself. “I *did* provide a distraction. I led that new bite-sized Stealthbot far away from the Rescue Team, *while* I made it back to our rendezvous point to pick you up, exactly like we planned. Then I found you missing, heard the sirens, and did what I do best: I kept moving…”

Suddenly, Sonic stopped tapping his foot, and looked at Sally with a frown. “Say…What were you doing in the water treatment facility? That wasn’t part of the plan.”

Sally felt her legs go stiff. Something about Sonic’s voice reminded her of the days when her father would catch her getting into mischief at the palace. “I…was…going solo?”

In the midst of deadly peril, Sonic always seemed to manage to keep a cocky smile on his face. But there wasn’t a hint of his usual joy. “But…you always say we’re not supposed to go solo.”

…

Sally sat at the head of the table with the rest of the active Freedom Fighters.

Antoinne d'Coolette paced nervously around the table, waving his hands for emphasis, in his distinctively French manner. "Sacre bleu! Sally, how could you? You really went charging into one of Robotnik's facilities alone…and without telling us the plan? What were you thinking?"

Sally buried her face in her hand. "I…I just wasn't thinking, Antoine."

Bunnie Rab-bot held up the index finger of her robotic left arm to catch Sally's eye. "Hold on, Sugar-cube. That ain't like you. You always think things out. That's why you're our leader. You must have had a plan."

Sally stammered, cringing at the thought of her own hypocrisy. "It was…a stupid idea. I figured if I just snuck in and out, I'd have plenty of time to try something, before meeting up with Sonic."

Rotor leaned forward in his seat. "To try what exactly?"

Sally sighed. "I was going to try and hack into Robotnik's personal computer system. If it had worked, we could have gotten crucial intelligence, maybe even shut him down entirely, in one fell swoop."

Antoinne suddenly shifted from stern-faced to love-sick. "Oh! Sally? That is brilliant! Of course, you had a good reason! You risked your own life, foolishly perhaps, but also gallantly, to save us all from Robotnik! It worked, of course! …It *did* work, did it not?"

Sally hung her head. "...Not."

Antoinne immediately switched to howling with despair, before swooning onto Bunnie's shoulder. "C'est impossible! My beloved Princess nearly got captured…and all this stress for nothing? My life is *still* in peril! Pauvre de moi!"

Bunnie casually patted the unconscious Antoinne on the back of his head, but kept her eyes fixed on Sally. "Sally, honey, I'm just happy we all made it back in one piece. I don't care that the plan didn't work…But you should have *told us* the plan. How many times have you had to rein in Sonic, when he wanted to run off alone, hotdoggin' it?"

Sally glanced at Sonic. He was sitting on the windowsill, turning away from her to gaze at the waxing moon.

Sally sighed. "More times than I can count."

Rotor frowned. "Then you should have known better. We need you to keep a cool head to direct us in the field. We can't run most operations without your programming skills. If you got captured Sally…I don't think the Freedom Fighters could ever recover."

Sally felt hot anger burning in her stomach, but not at her team. She was only angry at herself. “I know that, Rotor…I’m so sorry, everyone. I’ve failed you as a leader.”

Bunnie shook her head, still cradling Antoinne in her arms like a mother holding a baby. “We’re all still in the fight, shug. You haven’t failed yet…You just missed the mark today.”

Rotor folded his arms. “That’s a *delicate* way to put it...Let’s wrap up for the night. Sally, think hard about what happened today.”

Slowly, they all stood up and left the room. Sonic finally stepped off the window sill and faced Sally. “We should check on Tails. Make sure he’s down for the night.”

“Um, actually…” A door creaked open, and Tails peeped his head into the room. “...I kinda overheard the arguing. Aunt Sally, are you in big trouble?”

With sorrow in her heart, Sally glanced at Sonic, then turned to face Tails. “In a way, Tails. I broke an important rule. You know how I always tell you not to leave Knothole Village alone? Well, I ran off alone, without telling anyone.”

“But you’re a Freedom Fighter. You guys are heroes! Don’t you have to fight whole armies of bad guys all the time?”

Sally shook her head. “Real life isn’t like that. There are times we have to fight alone, because we have no other choice. But I *did* have a choice. And what I did was wrong. Listen carefully, Tails…I never want you to do something like what I did today. Running off to fight alone, without telling anyone, is not brave. I should have asked the others for help. Does that make sense?”

Tails nodded. “Yes, Sally. I understand…Sonic, are you still mad at Sally?”

Sonic glanced at Sal, before he ruffled Tail’s hair. “Aw, I can never stay mad at Sal. Hey, why don’t I read you some *Flash* comics for your bedtime story tonight?”

Tails giggled as he playfully wrestled free from Sonic, before turning to Sally, looking pensive. “Aunt Sally, if you feel bad about what you did…maybe you should go to your room, and think about it for a while? That’s what my parents used to tell me to do, when I did something wrong.”

Sonic put an arm around Tails’ shoulder. “You mean a timeout? I thought you said your parents used to spank you?”

Tails rolled his eyes. “Yeah, when I did something really, *really* wrong, I got spanked. But when I only did something a little wrong, I just got a timeout. ”

“Huh, that’s weird. I usually got a quick spanking for doing something a little wrong. But if I did something really, *really* wrong, I got put in timeout…man, I *hated* timeouts.”

“It’s too bad we couldn’t switch parents!”

“Are you kidding? Then I’d be the one getting timeouts all the time and you’d be the one getting spanked all the time.”

“Oh yeah! Now that you say it, that makes sense!”

Sally watched Sonic and Tails disappear into Tails’ bedroom, arm-in-arm.

Hanging her head, Sally made her way to her own room, and sat on her bed. Glancing at a portrait of her father, she wondered what he would say if he were here now. But she knew the answer.

When it was clear that little Sally had done something wrong, the time for lecturing would be over. King Acorn wouldn’t have said anything. He’d have silently arrived at Sally’s room before bedtime, carefully bent her over his knee, and spanked her soundly, until she shed tears of true remorse.

King Acorn almost never spanked Princess Sally as a child. But Sally knew she had most definitely earned every spanking she ever got from King Acorn, without exception.

Sally glanced at the family portrait of her extended family: King and Queen Acorn, her kid brother Elias, along with Sir Charles Hedgehog, Jules and Bernadette Hedgehog, and their three children, including Sonic. Every single one of them was missing since the day of Robotnik’s coup, except for Sonic. Sally picked up the photo and traced a finger against the image of Sonic, as if stroking his cheek.

"I’ve let you all down."

Just then, there was a soft knock on her door, and Sally heard Sonic's muffled voice from outside. "Sal, can I come in?"

Sally's heart skipped a beat, and she quickly got up to open the door. But she hesitated as she reached for the door handle. She could never resist teasing Sonic, just a little. “Gee, Sonic, I dunno. *Can* you come in?”

“Well, har dee har, har. *May* I come in, *Princess* Sally of House Acorn?

Sally held up her nose as she gracefully opened the door, but she couldn’t hide her smile. “Yes you may, Sir Sonic *Maurice* Hedgehog.”

Sonic crossed his arms, a small smile on his face. "I just wanted to check on you. You okay?"

Sally exhaled, then sat on the edge of her bed. "Thanks, Sonic. I'm okay, I guess. Just feeling a little down about everything."

Brushing her bangs from her eyes, Sally glanced at Sonic, looking down-cast. “I suppose you’re here to give me a good tongue lashing?”

Sonic shrugged as he sat down next to her. “Eh, who am I to judge? I’ve screwed up on plenty of missions…”

Sonic and Sally’s eyes met, then they both looked away from each other. Sonic crossed his arms and tapped his foot, his eternal nervous tic. “...Just, don’t be afraid to tell us if you’ve got another big idea. Don’t pull a crazy ‘Sonic stunt.’ The team’s already got one of me. We can’t handle any more ‘Sonic Stunts.’”

Sally shook her head. “You’re too hard on yourself, Sonic. I can spend weeks planning an operation, only for Robotnik to be two steps ahead of me. I wish I could think on your feet.”

"Then let us help you do the foot-work next time you’ve got one of your crazy ‘Sally ideas.’ You know, the ones that might just actually work! That's what friends are for, right?"

Sally sighed. "You're right, Sonic. I'll remember that next time…I just wish my father was here."

Sonic rubbed his head. “Yeah…he was better at this stern talking to stuff. Remember when we knocked over every single suit of armor in the palace?”

Sally giggled. “Do I ever! He took me straight to my bedroom, grabbed Mother’s old wooden hairbrush and–” glancing at the very same wooden hairbrush, lying on the bed table. “–and, uh, brushed my hair…Yeah, and then he gave me a stern talking to…but he always knew exactly what to say, when I was in trouble.”

Sonic grinned, looking nostalgic. “Yeah, my ma was the same way. When she found out what I did, she was ready to ground me for a week. But lucky for me, Uncle Chuck managed to convince her to let me off with just a spanking.”

Sally’s eyes popped open. “Your mother…really spanked you? I had no idea!”

Sonic jabbed this thumb into his chest. “Heck yeah! She did a pretty good job, too. I definitely learned my lesson about not body slamming Princesses into solid steel, no matter how snooty they are.”

Sally stuck her nose in the air. “I am *not* snooty. And you did not beat me up. I was winning that fight fair and square.”

Sonic held up his hands in mock surrender. “Hey, I already promised never to use illegal wrestling moves on you ever again. And looking back, it was totally my fault. I’m glad your dad didn’t spank you or anything.”

Sally rubbed her shoulder. “Actually…I’m kinda glad he *did* spank me. I was just as much to blame as you for starting that fight.”

Sonic froze for a whole, entire two seconds. “Wait, you got spankings? But…you’re a princess.”

Sally pouted. “What’s that got to do with it?”

“Don’t Princesses have, like, servants who get spanked for them?”

“That’s nonsense! Of course we get spanked! How else are we supposed to learn the discipline needed to rule a kingdom!”

Sonic stroked his chin, then grinned mischievously. “Makes sense! So…did you get spanked a lot?”

Sally blushed as she gripped the bed, before relaxing slightly. “Well…not very often. Dad said he’d never spank me for making a simple mistake. I really had to screw up… I remember once, when I was seven, I decided to climb up to the highest tower in the castle. I thought it would be fun to sit on the stone battlements and see the view. But even though my parents had forbidden me to do so…I did it anyway.”

Folding her hands onto her lap, Sally turned to face Sonic. “Then I heard a noise and thought someone would tell on me. I was so scared, I stood up to quickly, and almost slipped and fell off the tower. I could have been seriously hurt, or even killed. But my father saved me. He was the person I heard coming…”

Sally grabbed at the hairbrush on her bedtable, and offered it up to Sonic to examine. “He was so angry with me at first…but then he calmly told me to go to my room, and wait for him. When he finally came calling…he spanked me long and hard, without saying a word. First with his hand, then again with this hairbrush. My bottom was so sore, I had to sit on a pillow while I sat in timeout.”

Sonic winced. "Wow, that sounds pretty rough. Your old man didn’t mess around."

Sally shook her head, then smiled. “But when it was all over, he stayed and comforted me until I had cried out all my tears. And after that, we started talking walks up to the top of the tower, to watch the sunset…together.”

“I’m sorry you had to go through that, Sal…but it sounds like things worked out in the end. Do you think King Acorn did the right thing, ya know, by spanking you?”

Sally chewed over the question. Finally, she nodded. “Yes. It’s a painful memory for me…But it’s also a precious one. I never took such a foolhardy risk ever again…until today.”

Sonic put a hand on Sally’s shoulder. “Then remember what your dad taught you, and I’m sure you won’t forget again. Wherever King Acorn is, I know he’s proud of you, Sal.”

Sonic stood, and opened the window. Sally wondered what he could be up to, until she noticed him putting his foot on the window sill. As she realized Sonic was about to run off, Sally leapt from the bed, reaching out her hand to snatch Sonic by the wrist. “Wait, Sonic! Don’t go yet! I need you!”

Sonic froze in the middle of the act of maxing a dramatic exit, before dashing off into the woods like a streak of blue lightning. “Huh? What’s up, Sal? I thought we had a good talk. Don’t you need to get to bed?”

Realizing she was holding Sonic’s hand, Sally quickly let go and stood at attention, her hands reflexively covering her bottom. “Sonic Maurice Hedgehog, since King Acorn is not here to guide me…and provide me with proper discipline…I must ask you to punish me in his stead.”

Sonic blinked. “You want me to put you in timeout?”

Clutching her bottom tight with both hands, Sally trembled with a mix of fear and humiliation. “Sonic…please, don’t make me spell it out…”

Sonic crawled off the window sill. “No way…You really want me to spank you, Sal?”

Sally grimaced, and forced herself to say the dreaded words she’d been thinking out loud. “No, Sonic…I *need* you to spank me.”

End of Chapter 1
To Be Continued!

Chapter 2: Spanking Sally Silly

Sonic froze. Then he started waving his hands. “What? Are you crazy? There’s no way I’m gonna spank you, Sally.”

Sally, who had been looking thoroughly ashamed of herself, suddenly rediscovered her royal voice of authority. “But, Sonic…you have to! I hid my plans from the team. I ran off into danger alone. I jeopardized everyone in Knothole Village. A princess has to be held responsible.”

“But you’re not just a princess! You’re my friend. And friends don’t hit friends.”

Sally put her hands on her hips. “Hmph! We hit each other all the time as kids.”

Sonic slapped his forehead. “That was different! We were just horsing around.”

With a cool smile, Sally narrowed her eyes. “And what about the time you challenged me to a race around the palace…and said the winner got to spank the loser?”

Sonic groaned. “Okay, okay! I know I was a stupid, troublemaking rapscallion as a kid! But you’re asking me…to hurt you? That’s no good!”

Sally stepped close to sonic and held his hands. “No, Sonic. That’s not it. I don’t want you to hurt me. I’m asking you to hold me accountable.”

Sonic gave Sally a perfect, deadpan look. “By slapping your rear end, repeatedly, until it hurts a bunch? Sounds like a fun little picnic!”

Sally hunched her shoulders. “It’s not *supposed* to be fun. It’s supposed to correct me. Please, Sonic…if my father was here, I’d ask him to do his duty and spank me again. But without my daddy, I don’t know what to do. Please…”

Trembling, Sally laid her head on Sonic’s shoulder. “Spank me, Sonic the Hedgehog. You are my only hope.”

Sonic sighed, and hugged Sally, giving her a pat on the back of her shoulder. “All right, I’ll do it. But only on one condition: you’ve got to tell me to stop, the moment you know you’ve been spanked enough.”

Sally frowned and tried to pull back from Sonic to wave a finger at him, but he held her just firmly enough. As she resisted, she found she didn’t want to break off from the tender embrace. “But…Sonic! What’s the point of the spanking if *I’m the one* get to stop it the moment it starts to hurt?”

“The point is to protect you, Sally.”

“My Father would never let me decide when my spanking was over when I was little.”

“Well, I’m not your father, and you’re not a kid anymore. How many spanks did King Acorn usually give you?”

Sally swallowed as she recalled her memories of being spanked. “Well…it depended on what I did. Anywhere from ten to one hundred swats with his hand, for ordinary misbehavior. If I was being an incorrigible brat, he usually added twenty extra spanks with Mom’s hairbrush. But for something really bad, like when I disobeyed and put my life in danger…it might have been more.”

Sonic looked stern. “So, how many spanks do I have to give you, for what you did today, Sal?”

Sally sank back onto Sonic’s shoulder, her arms drooping to hug him along his lower back. “I don’t know. A lot more than what I got as a kid, that’s for sure. At my age, I should have known better. That’s why I want you to decide, Sonic.”

“Then I am going to spank you until you tell me you’ve had enough, and no more. That is my decision.”

Pouting, Sally pressed her lips against Sonic’s shoulder. “But…but I need a *real* spanking. It shouldn’t matter if I struggle, or plead, or cry my heart out. I don’t want you to stop just because I’m whining, or because I shout ‘No!’ or ‘Stop!’ by mistake.”

“Then let’s have a word we agree on. Sort of like a code word for trouble. That way, you can be as big a crybaby as you want, and I’ll know to just listen to listen for the word.”

Sally straightened to her full height, and narrowed her eyes. While standing, she was a full inch taller than Sonic. “Crybaby?”

“Nah, that’s no good. It’s gotta be something that’s easy for both of us to remember. What’s a word you’ll never forget?”

Sally took a slow breath. She remembered her father’s affectionate pet name for her, ever since she was little. Last time, when he had finished spanking her, King Acorn had called her, “My Silly Little Bean,” to comfort her. She wanted more than anything to hear him call her that again.

Sally looked Sonic in the eye with firm resolve. “Bean.”

Sonic raised an eyebrow. “As in, beans, beans, the musical fruit? The kind you put on chilli dogs?”

“Can you take anything seriously for more than three seconds, Sonic?”

“Sure. Time me. I think it’s a great code word. I love beans, so I’ll never forget it. You sure you can remember it, Silly-Sally Bean?”

Sally tilted her head. “Positive. Not that I'll ever need it. I’d rather legally change my name to ‘Silly-Sally Bean’ than let you beat me in a contest of wills, Sonic Maurice Hedgehog. In fact, just to make it interesting…”

Sally jabbed her thumb into her chest. “...If I cave and use the code word, before your arm wears out, I’ll admit I’m *your* ‘sillly little bean.’ I’ll even permit you to call me that, as my official nickname.”

“Really? Forever and ever? I get to call you ‘Princess Silly Bean,’ even in front of all the Freedom Fighters?”

Sally’s fur stood on end as she considered the implications of her little dare. But Sally couldn’t bear to back down from a challenge. “That’s right. If you win, I will answer to the name ‘Silly Little Bean,’ for as long as you want.”

Sonic grinned slyly. “And what happens to me if you win?”

“Nothing. I just get bragging rights.”

Sonic nodded. “Worth the risk. You’re on, Sal.”

Then he took Sally by the hand and led her toward her bed. Sally’s heart fluttered as she realized Sonic had taken charge of the situation. “What? Right now? Aren’t you going to lecture me, and stuff?”

Sonic sat on Sally’s bed, and with a light tug, he easily guided her across his left leg, bottoms up. “I *hate* lectures…Always been more of a *hands-on* learner.”

Sally huffed as she felt herself stumble and flop into place. Something about the ease with which Sonic had taken her in hand, along with how gently he’d caught her as she stumbled forward, helped Sally relax slightly. But she felt her fluffy tail shivering behind her. “Ooph! Hey, I didn’t tell you to start. Don’t forget, I’m still a Prin–”

Sonic landed a firm slap across Princess Sally’s royal rump. Sally’s hair stood on end, and she clenched her fists. “Yipe! Sonic! Cut it–ow! Ouch!”

After delivering the second spank, Sonic shook his head. “No. If you want to stop, the word is ‘bean.’ Don’t forget, Sal.”

Then Sonic began to spank at what *he* considered a slow, steady pace, but Sonic's idea of slow and steady was about three spanks per second, all with equal force. Sally set her jaw as she felt the spanking begin in earnest, trying to rationally process what was happening to her. Already, Sonic had grabbed her full attention.

King Acorn had always preferred a more 'slow-burn' approach, but as Sally focused her thoughts, she found she could successfully block out the rising sting. The rhythm of the spanking was faster than Sally was used to, but she soon realized that Sonic lacked the same strength and control as King Acorn.

"Typical of Sonic," thought Sally. After all, Sonic was famous for his mercurial speed of foot, not his herculean strength of arm. Sally winced, reflexively sinking her weight forward onto the mattress, only to angle her bottom up higher to receive further chastisement. "Gah! Don't hold back, Sonic. I'm not a little girl anymore."

Without skipping a beat, Sonic landed a significantly firmer spank, with more follow through, then right back to the briskly-paced spanking style. "I know."

When she felt the harder spank, Sally nearly shouted from surprise, but swallowed it before it could escape her throat. She wiggled her feet once, then set them down on the floor to steady herself. Taking steady, controlled breaths, Sally resolved to not give Sonic a single excuse to tease her.

Digging in her heels, Sally straightened her legs and raised her hips, deliberately offering Sonic a better target. Sonic carried on spanking at the exact same pace, aiming the next set of swats across Sally's lower butt cheeks.

Sally endured at least 20 slaps in this position, before another extra-hard spank caught her by surprise, and she was forced to settle her weight back down across Sonic's leg. Her legs kicked up reflexively at the knees, but she pressed her boots together to resist the urge to shield her bottom. Since early childhood, Sally had carefully learned the arts of mental self-control and physical endurance, both fundamental skills for her duties as a princess.

Sally felt her pulse rising, like she was running a foot race against Sonic himself, and was actually keeping up. As the stinging sensation rose a steady, warm buzz all across her bottom, Sally had to admit, Sonic could deliver a pretty good spanking. If Sally was still a little girl, she knew this spanking would have already had her in tears.

But so far, it was more like the burn of a good workout. No pain, no gain. In a way, it was almost pleasant. As Sally's mind became preoccupied by the discomforting heat building deep in her seat, she remembered her stupid, foolhardy actions that day. Sally grimaced, and told herself that she deserved every single spank she was getting, and plenty more.

Just as Sally started to worry that Sonic might hear her soft grunts and hisses, Sonic paused. Sally blinked, and though her eyes were slightly watery, she knew she was nowhere near being forced to shed tears. She had learned long ago: a Princess must be able to resist crying when needed, to never weep unless she was alone, or with the people she could trust implicitly.

As Sonic stood Sally up on her feet, she felt a tangled mix of emotions, like a knot in her stomach. She was most certainly happy for the break. Nevertheless, Sally knew Sonic was letting her off far too easily. Inhaling sharply, Sally looked down to look Sonic in the eye. “Thank you, Sonic, but I’m afraid that alone won’t serve as a suitable punishment. You’ll have to do better than–”

Sonic whistled, and stretched his right arm. “Phew! That gave my right arm a good workout.”

Sally bent slightly, waving a finger at Sonic’s nose. “Please, *don’t* tell me your arm is getting tired already, Sonic. How many was that? I don’t suppose you kept count.”

“That was exactly one hundred spankings. You mentioned that’s about how many ole’ King A used to give you, so I figured that would be a good number for a warm up…Now that you mention it, my arm is getting a bit worn out…But don’t worry!”

Sonic snatched Sally by her wrist, mid finger-wag, and pulled her across his right leg, just as easily as he’d pulled her across his left leg earlier. Sonic raised his left hand high. “I’m ambidextrous.”

Sally woophed as she tumbled right back into the mirror-image of her previous spanking position. “Woopffh! Sonic! What are you up–tooo-hooooo?!?”

Sally gasped as she felt the first spank of round two.

As Sonic fell right back into his quick-march rhythm, Sally writhed in place, twisting her hips between each slap. “Argh! Sonic! I am talking to you, Mister!”

Sonic chuckled, though there was no hint of cruelty in his distinctive, musical laugh. “Ah ha ha haw! …Nah! You don’t need any more brow beating today, Sal. Just a bun beating!”

Sally twisted to glare at Sonic, before the next set of spanks snapped her out of lecture-mode. “Sonic! Maurice! Hegeho–OW! Ow, ow, ow! Yeeow!”

With a strained gasp, Sally turned away from Sonic and concentrated on her controlled breathing technique. The smarting sting of each fresh slap, combined with the cumulative effect of the previous spanking, required Sally’s full focus to block out. Rationally, she guessed Sonic’s plan. He would give her another hundred spanks in this position, then pause again. She’s already lost count, but the knowledge she only had to endure a specific number made it easier

to keep her composure. Sally kicked her feet against the bottom of the bed, in a desperate effort to keep them away from her bottom.

Then, with a single, fluid motion, Sonic hooked Sally's knees in place between his legs and carried out the rest of the hand spanking, all without missing a beat.

Sally seethed as she felt her legs hooked in place. Between the rapid spanks, she managed to choke out a few words at a time. "Don't…need you…to hold me…I can hold still!"

"And…one hundred. Great job taking the warm up, Sal."

Sonic scooped Sally under her armpits, and set her on her feet. This time, as Sally tried to straighten her posture, she felt a twinge of protest from her behind, and slouched slightly. She held her fists tight against her waist to resist the urge to hold her bottom in front of Sonic. "Sonic! This is ridiculous! I know I asked you for this spanking, but could you *please* give me three seconds to think?"

Sonic tapped his foot. "Okay…one-one thousand…two-one thousand…"

Sally stiffened, and held up her hands. "Figuratively! Not literally!"

Sonic sighed. "All right, Sal…What's on your mind? If you've got something to get off your chest, now's the time."

Ignoring the angry prickling that covered her entire posterior, Sally forced herself to stand tall, head held high. "I suppose you're planning to use the wooden hairbrush next. Since I usually got twenty strokes with the hairbrush as a child, I expect to get at least forty now. And you need to give me good, hard whacks, or there's no point. Try to follow through on your swing more, like you're swinging a base ball bat."

"And your butt's the ball?"

Sally sniffed, incensed at the blunt reference to her delicate, royal hindquarters. "Precisely."

Sonic pointed to the end table. "Then go fetch me the hairbrush, and we'll get cooking."

Resting her hands on her hips, Sally pursed her lips into a prim and proper princess pout. "Despite my present circumstances, you would do well to remember that I am still the Crown Princess of Mobius. A daughter of royalty ought not to be bossed around so casually."

"Sal, you've always said you don't want us to worry about you being a Princess anymore. Not until we've taken down Robuttnik once and for all. We made you our leader because you're the only one with a head for strategy, and we all know it."

Sally tossed her head back, resting in a graceful, contraposto pose, as if she was posing for a royal portrait. “That is *also* true. I didn’t want to be made the leader based on my royal heritage. But the whole reason I’ve asked you to do this is *because* I’m a princess. This punishment is difficult enough to endure. I promised to accept this spanking, but I will not abide any affront to my dignity.”

Sonic scratched his scalp. “...Because I asked you to grab me the hairbrush?”

Sally shook her head. “No, because you *told me* to grab the hairbrush for you.”

A lightbulb appeared over Sonic’s head. “Aah-ha! I get it. You want me to be more of a gentleman about it.”

Sally sighed softly. “If you would, Sir Sonic, I would be eternally grateful.”

“Aces. In that case, I’ll get it for you!”

There was a blur of motion, and in the time it took for Sally to blink, Sonic zipped to collect the hairbrush, and appeared right back before her, slapping the smooth wooden surface against the back of his hand. “Now, let’s finish your spanking, Your Highness…Please.”

Sally had been expecting Sonic to ask her to fetch the hairbrush again. All she wanted was for him to be more polite about it. Instead, she found herself being tugged right back across Sonic’s left leg without warning. Only when she heard Sonic say the word, “Please,” did Sally mentally register that she had been bent over the knee again. “Wah?”

Sonic delivered a resounding spank with the hairbrush against Sally’s left buttock, swinging his whole arm with a paddling motion. Sonic still hadn’t learned to swim without inflatable safety floaties, but he’d at least mastered the art of the breath stroke.

Sally’s pupils shrunk to pin pricks as she *heard* the thudding crack, before she felt the accompanying pain. “Waaah!”

Sonic delivered twenty blows, slowing down his absurdly quick pace only slightly. This time, he only delivered about two spanks per second, which Sonic thought of as an agonizing snail’s pace.

For Sally, it was equally agonizing, though for different reasons. Without having time to prepare herself, Sally couldn’t resist the urge to whoop and holler between each and every stroke. Sally felt shining tears spring to her eyes, and blinked them back. *“No, a Princess must not cry in front of her subjects! Tears may only shed alone, or with those you can trust with your life!”* thought Sally, reciting the lesson she had learned as a child from memory.

Her parents had never told Sally that she was not allowed to cry. In fact, when they were alone, and Sally was distraught, they encouraged her gently, and let her weep on their shoulders. But they also had instilled her with the belief that there was a time and a place for shedding tears. Not in front of their subjects, who looked to them for guidance. And never in the presence of an enemy, who wished them harm.

Taking a faltering breath, Princess Sally willed her tears away. Her bottom was throbbing so badly, she didn't even realize the spanking was over, until she heard the creak of a door opening behind her. Sally twisted, and spotted Tails peeking in the bedroom door. "Aunt Sally? I heard noises. What's going…on?"

Tails threw open the door, and flew across the room to face Sonic, spinning his two tails like a helicopter blade to propel him forward. "No, Sonic! Don't you dare hit Sally! I know you're mad at her, but just give her a time out instead!"

Sonic and Sally both leapt to their feet at once, waving their hands to shush Tails. "No, no, no!" said both, at once.

Sonic put a hand on Tail's shoulder. "It's not like that, little buddy!"

Tails pointed at the hairbrush in Sonic's hand. "Then what's that? You were spanking Sally's bottom with that hairbrush! I saw it with my own eyes!"

In horror, Sonic started at the damning evidence he held in his own hand, then hid the hairbrush behind his back, looking sheepish. "Well…you see, Tails…"

Sally knelt to face Tails. "Tails, Sonic *is* going to put me in time out. But I *also* asked him to give me a spanking. I promise you, Sonic would never hit me, just because he was angry with me."

Tails raised his eyebrow. "You *asked* Sonic to give you a spanking?"

Sally nodded. "Yes, honey. Because that's what my dad would have done, if he knew what I did wrong today."

Tails frowned. "But…you're a Princess."

"That's true. But I'm also still a kid who makes mistakes, and has some growing up to do. That's why I asked Sonic to help me…I'm so sorry we woke you up."

Tails shuffled his feet. "That's okay…At first, I thought some of Robotnik's spies were attacking. So, is your spanking all done, Aunt Sally?"

Sonic and Sally both blushed furiously as their eyes met, before quickly looking away from one another. Sally brushed her bangs from her eyes, and turned to face Tails. “No, Tails. I made a big mistake. So that means I need a big spanking. Sonic still has a job to do…”

Sally bit her lip, and as she glanced at Sonic, they both nodded in unison. Sally held Tails’ hand between hers. “Tails, dear, would you like to stay and watch the rest of my spanking? That way, you’ll know that Sonic isn’t being mean to me.”

Sonic swallowed a lump in his throat. “...Um…I was kinda thinking…maybe we should…”

Tails glanced at Sonic, grinning from ear to ear. “I didn’t think Sonic would ever be mean to anyone. I’m so glad I was right…But, even if you asked for this spanking, it still hurts, doesn’t it? I don’t think I want to see you get hurt, Sally. My tails are starting to tingle, just from thinking about it.”

Sally stroked Tails’ cheek. “Yes, Tails. But I also want you to know I’m safe…and to see what happens to a foolish Princess who forgets to do the right thing. I want you to remember not to do what I did: mistake being brash for being brave.”

Tails hung his head. “...I really don’t want to watch you get spanked, Aunt Sally…But I’m going to overhear it anyway. And besides…” Tails pointed two fingers to his eyes, then pointed at Sonic. “...I think I’ll feel better if I keep an eye on Sonic. I know you’d never be mean to Sally, but…*if* you were being mean, I’d want to be here, so I can kick your butt.”

Sonic finally exhaled, then waved a finger with a cocky smile. “Tails, if I’m *ever* mean to Sal, I hope you kick my butt too.”

Sally stood, and held Sonic’s hand in hers. “Then, let’s finish what we started. Sonic, please spank me.”

With a nervous glance at Tails, Sonic led Sally back toward the bed. “Right…well, I was planning to give you twenty more swats with the hairbrush…and then be done, I hope.”

Sally shook her head, and whispered in Sonic’s ear. “No. That’s not what we agreed to. This is supposed to be a *proper* spanking. I don’t want Tails to have any doubt in his mind about what happens to hot dogs who let down the Freedom Fighters. The word is ‘bean’...” Sally poked Sonic in the chest. “Don’t forget, Sonic.”

Tails craned his neck. “What are you guys whispering about?”

Slowly, deliberately, Sonic gave Sally a look that said more than words ever could, and seated himself on the bed. “Sally’s just bossing me around again. Remember, Tails, I’m supposed to spank her pretty good, so that she remembers to never make the same mistake ever again. I don’t enjoy doing this…it’s just my job.”

Tails nodded, his whiskers bristling. “I understand. Do your job right, Sonic.”

Just like before, Sonic guided Sally across his right leg, switching the hairbrush to his left hand. Sally was struck by the symmetry of it all. Soon, the red marks on her left and right buttock would match perfectly! Clearing his throat, Sonic tapped Sally’s bottom with the hairbrush. “Twenty to go.”

With a soft sniffle, Sally crossed her arms in front of her. “Assuming I don’t earn extras thanks to my pure stubbornness!”

Sonic grinned as he raised the hairbrush high. “Please don’t. My arm can’t take much more!”

Sally was mentally prepared for the spanking from the moment it began. She endured the first six slaps with stony resolve. But something about talking to Tails, and knowing he was a witness to her shame, made Sally hyper-conscious of her spanking. She didn’t just feel the fresh pain. She could picture clearly in her mind’s eye how absurd she must look, to both Tails and Sonic.

By the tenth spank, Sally’s response started to crumble. “Bah! Baaw! B-buh…bean…”

Unfortunately, she whispered the last word, and Sonic landed the fourteenth spank by mistake.

Choking on her tears, Sally waved her hand behind her. “B-Bean, bean, bean!”

Sonic checked his last stroke in the nick of time, with a sound like tires screeching to a halt. Sonic bent low to whisper in Sally’s ear. “Sal? It’s okay, Sal. No more.”

But Sally shook her head, twisting to look at Sonic, her eyes’ shining. She whispered urgently. “N-no. I just needed a moment to catch by breath. Please don’t stop.”

Tails raised an eyebrow. “Bean? What’s bean mean?”

Sally and Sonic glanced at Tails. Sonic scratched his head. “Well…that’s quite a story…ya see…”

Sally quickly wiped her eyes dry, then twisted to look at Tails. “It means…I’ve been a silly little bean.”

Tails nodded. “That’s okay, Aunt Sally. We forgive you. Don’t we, Sonic?”

Sonic steeled his chest, and tapped the hairbrush against Sally’s bottom. “Of course we do. She may have acted like a silly little bean, but she’s still *our* silly little bean. Ain’t ya, Sal?”

Sally's chest fluttered as she felt tears coming on, both from the relief she felt from Sonic's playful encouragement, and from the nerves she felt at the thought of having to endorse six more strokes.

"That's right, Sonic…and I still have six spanks to get through. Make them count."

Tails' eyes went wide, his tails shivering. "Wait, there's more?!?"

Sonic tapped Sally's bottom more firmly, finding his rhythm again. "Final stretch, Sal. You can do it."

Sally fixed her eyes forward, and felt two spears spill down her cheeks. "Let's do it, to it."

Sonic delivered the final six strokes, even slower than before. He let one whole second pass between each spank, and Sally felt more tears budding, blurring her vision. Sally squeaked, then squealed, then yelped, then shouted, then howled, and after the sixth stroke, she wailed loud and long, and finally broke down, weeping freely.

Sonic set the hairbrush down and helped her up off his lap. Sally almost stepped off the bed, but at the last moment, she crawled to kneel on the bed in front of Sonic, pulling him into a hug as she sobbed on his shoulder. With Sonic seated and Sally kneeling, she was nearly a head taller than him.

Sonic patted Sally on the back of her head. "There, there. You're my silly little bean."

Sally blinked, and leaned back, rubbing her eyes. "I…I suppose that's going to be my nickname forever now?"

She looked deep into Sonic's eyes, feeling her tears burning on her cheeks. Finally, grinned. "Hey, Tails, you know how Sally called herself a silly little bean?"

When Tails nodded, Sonic pointed an index finger. "That's our little secret, okay? We don't want to embarrass her in front of the other Freedom Fighters. That's not a proper name for a Princess."

Sally stroked Sonic's cheek, and guided his face to hers, until they were brushing nose-to-nose. "Maybe, but as long as it's just between you, me, and Tails…I'm still your silly little bean…From now on."

Tails sat beside them on the bed. "Is it finally over? Has Sally been spanked enough?"

Sally and Sonic's eyes met, and Sally smiled with all her usual confidence. "Yes, Tails. I've learned my lesson. Sonic did his duty as a knight, exactly as I expected of him."

“Thank you, Princess. Your spanking is all over…but you still have a time out coming.”

Sally tensed, then rounded on Sonic, giving him a cold stare from on high. “Excuse me?”

Without breaking off his gentle embrace, Sonic patted Sally across her behind. “Nope. You’re not excused quite yet. You were the one who told Tails you had a time out coming, if you recall?”

Sally scrunched up her face, the playful love tap acting as a keen reminder of the lingering soreness across her entire bottom. As she returned Sonic’s tender hug, she addressed him with a formal tone of voice. “Eep! …Why, yes. Now that you mention it, I do remember promising Tails that I would be getting a time out…It will help me to meditate on the painful lesson I’ve learned today.”

“That’s a great idea, Sal. Really gets the ole noggin joggin. So in that case…go set your stool in the corner, and have a seat. Nose against the wall….Please.”

Sally held her firm gaze, as if she was considering having Sonic clapped in irons and beheaded for treason. Then she surprised Sonic with a quick smooch, one on each cheek. “Yes, Sonic. Thank you for saying please…May I have a moment of privacy to change into my night dress?”

Sonic nodded. “Of course. Tails let’s have a look out the window.”

Tails scrunched his nose. “Huh? What’s out the window?”

“Dude, Sally’s changing into her pajamas. We’re being gentlemen.”

“Oh! Duh.”

Sally winced as she stepped off the bed, every movement an agonizing reminder. Despite her thick fur, her bright red bottom was practically glowing in the dark. First, she removed her blue vest, which was her singular item of clothing.

Nervously, Sally glanced behind her, suddenly bashful now that she was now slightly more naked than she always was. “No peeking! Right, boys?”

Sonic rocked back and forth on his heels, whistling. “Say, Tails! What kind of moon is that, anyway? Almost looks like a full moon.”

“That would be a waxing gibbous moon, Sonic.”

“So, would that be the kind that’s almost-but-not-quite-a-full moon, or the kind you get after a full moon.”

“An almost-but-not-quite-a-full moon. That’s what the ‘waxing’ part means in waxing gibbous. See how the shadow is on the left side? When it’s on the left side, that means it’s a waning moon.”

“How do you *know* all this stuff, Tails?”

“It’s in my books.”

With a snort, Sally turned and finished dressing in her favorite pink nightgown.

As she fetched her hard wooden stool, Sally reflected bitterly on how uncomfortable sitting on a freshly spanked booty was going to be.

She hesitated for a moment, glancing at the hard wooden seat and her own posterior, but she couldn’t bring herself to bargain or complain. Not while Tails was watching. After taking a deep breath, Sally started to settle herself down. Then she heard a zip, and a soft “Floomf!” as she sat down fully on a soft pillow. Sally blinked as she noticed her seat was more comfortable than she expected. She twisted to find Sonic zipping back to his place beside Tails at the window.

Sonic put a hand around Tail’s shoulder. “So…we’ll probably get to see a full moon later this week?”

Tails nodded. “Yup! Maybe even tomorrow night! Can I stay up a bit after bedtime?”

Sonic shrugged. “That’s up to Aunt Sally.”

Sally cleared her throat. “Ahem! I’m decent now, boys. Thank you for respecting my privacy.”

Sonic and Tails both turned, before Tails stifled a yawn. “Whew! I’m sorry, Aunt Sally. I can’t keep my eyes open. Do you think your bottom will be okay by tomorrow?”

Sally chuckled. “As long as it’s still attached, I’m sure my bottom will be fine by then. Thank you for your concern, Tails. May I have a goodnight kiss?”

Tails flew through the air to hover at Sally’s side, and they kissed each other softly on the lips. Then Tails added a second kiss on Sally’s nose. “Mwah! And there’s a silly kiss to help you feel better…”

Tails landed back on the ground, then clung to his two tails as if they were his security blanket. “And Aunt Sally…don’t worry. I will never, ever, *ever* run off to fight alone, without telling anyone. I don’t even want to *think* about it.”

Sally gave Tails one of his favorite “silly kisses,” right on the nose. “Thank you, Tails. You’ve made my heart glad. Get some sleep, dear.”

As Sonic started to follow Tails, casually wrapping his arms behind his head, Sally called after him. “Sonic? Would you stay with me? Just for a little while.”

Sonic turned, “Huh? Aren’t you going to go to bed?”

“Of course. After you let me out of timeout, silly.”

Tails groaned, then trundled toward his bedroom. “Poor Sally…don’t keep her in timeout too long, okay, Sonic? She’s had a long, rough day…”

As Tails disappeared into the hallway, Sonic stood stiffly, with an expression that looked like he was being left to drown. “No worries, bro! I’ll just make sure she gets…”

Tails closed the door in Sonic’s face. “...tucked in?”

Sonic turned to face Sally. “Uh…you’re not gonna ask me to spank you again, are ya, Sal? I’d say you’ve been spanked enough for one night.”

Sally kept her nose pressed firmly against the wall. “Yes, Sonic. For tonight at least. But as for asking you to spank me again…well, that depends entirely on whether I shape up my act. Wouldn’t you agree?”

Sonic nodded curtly. “Sure, Sal. But that’s not gonna be a problem, is it? You promised. No more hot dogging!”

“Yes, Sonic. I promise to never act so rashly again. I will put my trust in the other Freedom Fighters, until I’ve fully earned back their trust in me. My word is my bond…But I may make other mistakes, and when I do…”

Sally peered coyly out of her corner. “...I’ll be glad to have a friend by my side…who can put up with me when I act like a silly little bean.”

Sonic flashed a cocky smile. “So…how long is a *proper* time out supposed to be, Princess Silly Bean?”

Sally faced the corner again. “As long as you think I need to let the lesson sink in. And when you release me…I’d like to watch the moon with you, Sonic Maurice Hedgehog.”

The End